22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

May 12th 1903.

My Kolet

Don't think me damned
Sentimental - but it's peace &
health to talk to you - &
that is the only kind of good
there is in the world - what
all these tragedies are made for-
I believe. Otherwise it
seems needless torture.
But you are a beloved creature -
- that is what I wanted to say - &
it makes it all different to have you.

Yr Sparrey

Treves

Treves was absolutely decided & straightforward, talked to Henry & not to George —

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

19th May 1903.

My woman,

Treves came suddenly today — He says that six months is the longest it can last. There are complications which may happen before that: he cannot say definitely whether they will happen but he thinks it more likely than not.

He told us that when he saw Father last he did not expect

him to live six weeks. He
thinks that at this moment he
is better than he was then -
I cant understand what he means by
this. I think he must have forgotten.
When he saw father last he was
walking all round the Gardens.
But he thought him extraordinarily
today
cheerful & in mind.
It was a speially good day, &
the nurse says that Sutton to tell
absolutely forgot him some of father's symptoms,
& made out that he was able to
go for long walks - However I

don't happen it makes. Dr Grey
said there was nothing to be done.
So now we seem to know
everything there is to be known -
There was decided that
Father shd do everything he felt
he could do - walk & work -
see people. He said we had
certainly better go away in August -
as usual - though not to Fritham.
He thought it was better to run
some risks, than to miss anything
he liked doing.
He said he would grow slowly
weaker, without pain - but it would
be most merciful if he did not
have to wait & know that it was
coming

Georgie tries to make out that
Teresa is mistaken this time as he
was before, & says he is certain
father is getting better. However
that is all part of the lot, I
suppose, happily he is generally
out.

I have had to write all this to the
old sister, I think I put it
rather brutally. Oh dear – what a
queer world it is – & there doesn't
seem to be anything more to say.
Everybody comes in & says how
much better he looks. & Heaven
knows what the truth is – only one
does know – but I can't think & yet.
Write it for ever come up – I suppose
not till next week. S.S.

My Violet,

Will you give these to
Joey Hayward — I think there
are about 12. I would
have sent a postal order
but a shilling postal order
must be such a horrible
thing — & if you made it
four & six it would have
come back like Beatrice.
Please thank him very much.
I drove home like a duchess —
had 2d. over for a treat —
also for the flowers, which

[redacted] not yet shed a petal.
Letter Rothenstein has [illegible] him
drawing father - he says Lady
Beatrice Thynne is in some
ways the most unnatural
person I've ever known - when
she goes into a room you
feel expanded: in her lofty
dear head is perfectly Greek
[illegible]. This is not meant
to be repeated - but how a
complicated world do the
old hard minded apply good-
Unholy chaos all round - my
boy is gen at my ldr - waiting
for something that v very
precious to lie on top. What d'you
think it is? It is a torch

of ourselves by to me. Really a
wonderful photograph ——

1903

Hey Violet

No time for a proper - or even improper, such as I usually write - letter. Can must have these very at once - because Sp: wants another communication. Yrs. ever like the scent of profane Violets on my plate at breakfast, such as grow in the hollowed part of a Cherrybord, where I used to have one day. Hot sunshine here too - but there never was any time of the year so sad as this. Kitty says 'nonsense' it always makes me think of death & dying. Yr. Sp:

1903?

Woman,
Is there a train about
1.30- from here? You
said there was, but it
doesn't come into Bradshaw.
make it plain. Do we
Go to Welwyn -
You will be swarming with
intimates.
This fog is a nightmare
as the soul as well as the
body, a painting's impossible
I bought a pair of Spongy boots -